

# HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

New York, N. Y., 5 Cents

## Christmas In Harlem and Herald Square

By MABEL KNIGHT

**C**HRISTMAS time at 34th Street and Herald Square makes a Friendship House staff worker realize one of the compensations of poverty. Such crowds of pushing, heavy-laden people clamoring for overworked, elderly clerks! Such long files of tired children at the Santa Claus booth! Such terrific prices for gewgaws which will be discarded before next Christmas! How many of these people are giving to those in real need? We are glad to get out of the mad scramble and back to Harlem.

But a Friendship House Christmas season might seem hectic to the habitués of the big department stores. Gifts must be checked carefully for each child of the club, lest anyone should be left out. The policeman on the beat keeps an eye on the place in case of upsetting intrusions from non-members attracted by the lovely gifts from the New Rochelle girls. He shares in the refreshments which add so much to the joy of these little brothers of the Christ Child.

The night of the party we had a guest, a college girl who belongs to Christ's own people. Soon after she went into the kitchen to get a drink we heard her scream. Alarmed, we called:

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, there's a horrible, big thing out here."

We went out in fear and trembling to see a rat. We had seen them dead on the street, but never in the apartment, as yet. But it was merely an insect one inch long and an inch and a half wide, unpatriotically called an American cockroach. Agnes used the correct technique on him, which is coming up behind him and grasping him

firmly in a pair of tongs. This does not require too much agility, as he is a creature as abounding in dignity as he is lacking in charm. Then she washed him down the drain.

Just then a loud knocking came at the door and a yell.

"It's the super! There's a fire!"

Upon our opening the door he dashed into the kitchen with a pail, filled it with water, and then threw it from our balcony upon the fire in

the court. Our guest gallantly filled the dishpan and handed it to him. Then she filled his pail. Agnes ran with another pail of water to the window on the landing and threw it out. Soon the fire was a thing of the past.

When we came to make the bed for Rhoda we remembered we had given away its blanket to a family with three children whose household goods had been burned in the

(Continued on page 3)



Melita Rodeck

## A Blessed Christmas

Love is very patient, very  
kind, Love knows no  
jealousy—is never rude—

Love is gladdened by  
goodness, is eager to  
believe the best, is always  
full of hope—from I Cor. 13.



## HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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# Christmas

## A LIGHT SHALL SHINE UPON US THIS DAY: FOR THE LORD IS BORN TO US.

"... Grant we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that we, upon whom is poured the new light of Thy Word made flesh, may show forth in our actions that which by faith shineth in our minds."

Introit, Second Mass at Dawn

SO does the Church sing in Her Collect of the second Mass at the dawn of another Christmas day. And we upon whom the darkness of war has cast its tragic shadow and whose hearts, even on this holy and joyous day are filled with anguish for our loved ones so far from us...we too should look up and see the dawn. The dawn of a new hope. The dawn of lasting peace. The dawn from which will come, is coming, has come...the Prince of Peace.

But He can reign on earth only through our hearts, through our minds, through our wills. Awesome thought! That we hold in our sinful hands the Hope and Peace of the world. We, ordinary mortals, can "give Christ to the World"... if and when we show in our actions that which, by Faith, shineth in our minds.

This is, therefore, the acceptable time. NOW, THIS CHRISTMAS, to do just that. Integrate our Faith into our daily lives. Let us begin to love God really...and we can prove our love to Him and for Him only by loving our neighbor. And that means EVERYONE.

Let us be done with worldly prudence. Let us begin with God's prudence, which is not afraid of the world's opinion, nor interested in human respect. Compromise has no place in a world on fire. Timidity has no room in a world poised on the brink of an abyss. We Catholics have the answers to all modern problems, because we have the fullness of God's truth...for we have God Himself, His Commandments and His Church. Let us give this answer to a world that is seeking it.

ONE of the major problems in America is the so-called Racial Problem. It seems hard for us to see Christ in the Negro, the Mexican, the foreigner on our shores. We have difficulties with the Jews. It seems that in the reality of living, we do not see our brother in our fellow men, because in some fashion they differ from us.

We in Friendship House are dedicated to the Apostolate of Interracial Justice, that embraces all peoples, especially the Negro.

Let us see Christ in the Negro. Let us realize that the Negro IS our brother in Christ. Let us open our hearts and souls in the great caritas of God, that is also ours, to them. Let us fight the good fight unto the end...the fight for political, economic, social equality of the Negro in America. We must...because we are Christ's...for this night a light is shining upon us...and the Lord is born to us.

Let us open the doors of all Catholic schools to Negro students. Let us accept them as nurses, doctors, patients in all our Catholic hospitals. Let us open wide the doors of opportunity to them in all our Catholic businesses. Accept them in all our Catholic societies, whatever these might be...charitable or professional. Let us lead in the just fight against jim crowism, which is unthinkable in the Mystical Body of Christ. Let us do this so that Christ might not have been born in vain...so that we might extend His kingdom in the hearts of men. So that the world looking upon our actions, that reflect the light of the Faith that illuminates our minds, this Holy Night, may say: "See how those Christians love one another." Then the dawn we behold today in hope, will become the reality of peace tomorrow...His peace...that no one shall take away from us.

*Our Father, Who art in Heaven,  
Give us courage in this hour of trial;  
Rekindle our faith with the Apostles' zeal  
And the sacrificial devotion of Valley Forge  
In order that we may, with true understanding,  
Persevere in the attainment of our goal,  
Which is sacred to all who call themselves Americans  
And believers in the Equality of Man.*

*For it is a good and just goal we seek, O Lord,  
Hallowed by a glorious and noble heritage,  
Whence mankind's great, good hope  
For a happy and fruitful life springs.*

*It is a hope for a life dedicated to Your way:  
A life of love and peace and deeds of mercy,  
A life of heroism and work and truth,*

*So that even Thine enemies will heed Thy name,  
And the scoffers scoff no more...  
While the proud lose their pride,  
The disbelievers their disbelief,  
And the powerful their power;  
E'vn as the conqueror's ego is humbled  
By the strong and burning Faith of the People.*

*The People whose refusal to be enslaved  
Or to worship strange gods.  
Or to accept false beliefs  
Or to pervert their soul  
Is the real miracle of the age...  
A miracle wrought by the democratic ideal  
And belief in the Equality of Man  
Under God.*

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

BY EDDIE DOHERTY

**W**ILMETTE, Illinois, is one of those suburbs you rave about. Nice wide streets with trees embracing above the asphalt, beautiful and pretentious homes on well-kept lawns, high-class stores and spas, several very good restaurants, dozens of public garages, filling stations, and auto-repair shops, and a score of imposing churches.

The town has its humble homes, and its less beautiful areas, of course, but the visitor gets the feel of the town without half trying. One of those smug, better-than-thou, self-sufficient, stuck-up, prosperous villages devoted entirely to the welfare of the upper classes, the visitor is almost sure to say. Rich, Protestant, and most probably Republican, he might describe it.

Yet you can't tell about towns until you've met some of the people who live in them. And in Wilmette, on a Sunday in November, I found a dozen and more young men and women who are profoundly Catholic in their views, their aspirations, and their deeds. Lay apostles, each and all of them.

They were well-to-do people. They were well dressed. They could boast of good colleges, good backgrounds, good social connections. They could, but they didn't. They talked of their children. They talked of their church and the various sodalities it encouraged. And they talked of God, and methods for serving Him better, and for the wider extending of His kingdom.

"We are having a little trouble now," said one of them, a lawyer with a good practice in Chicago. "We are starting lessons on the Mass, and we don't know just how to get started, how to get people coming."

"Well," I said, "there are fifteen or sixteen here who would make a good beginning for such a class. Why not begin with them?"

"Oh," said the lawyer, "each of us is determined to start this class;

that is, each couple, has decided to conduct the class in their own home. Instead of one class, we'll have seven or eight."

Seven or eight classes in a town of 5,000 or so! Seven or eight classes on the Mass. Seven or eight classes, that may, in time, become seventy or eighty!

The day may come when a visitor will say, "Now I've been everywhere — Lourdes, Assisi, Lisieux, Guadalupe, St. Anne de Baupre, and Wilmette."

You see, wherever the children of God are gathered together, be it in the slums of Chicago or New York or London or Paris, or in the sumptuous suburbs, the work of God goes on.



GLORIA  
in excelsis  
DEO

## Christmas In Harlem

(Continued from page 1)

fire across the street a few nights before. But we got blankets off the other beds and winter coats took their places. In the morning when we asked how she had slept, she said:

"Not very well. I kept thinking that red light up there was a light from a fire engine playing on me."

Then with a start we realized something of the tragedy of God's chosen people, that they did not know the love of the greatest lady of their race. They were ignorant of the fact that the vigil light before her little black Italian statue

in Madonna Flat meant a confident prayer for her protection, not danger of any kind.

We had slept soundly the night before in spite of the fact that a check had been returned to Friendship House marked "No Funds." Marie and Flewie explained how the staff in Canada had lived on pea soup for a year and in New York had lived on a barrel of beans long enough to destroy permanently any appetite that might have existed for them. But if the rent goes unpaid for another month will we have a place to cook them? And what will our block, with all its cheap saloons and poolrooms and frowsy hotels, be like when there is no golden-lighted library with its long table surrounded by God's white and colored children talking and eating together as brothers? Or no sunny yellow-walled clubroom for the children to run to as soon as lights are turned on within? Or no clothing room where souls as well as bodies are helped? Or no white neighbors living with the poor for love of the Christ Who was born in a stable?

I remembered how I reasoned before I came to Friendship House.

"This missionary to the Indians is out there all alone with no one to help him. I'd better send him the money because in a rich city like New York, Friendship House will make out all right, dealing with the greatest problem of the day."

I'm glad I sent it. His prayers may have gained for me the grace to come to Friendship House. But the richest city in the world is apparently spending its money swapping Christmas gifts and, as we would say up here, "pays Friendship House no mind."

But in spite of all this upset and worry, the opposition of family and friends, the wondering about the welfare of relatives in France and the South Pacific, the indignation at the many tales of injustice and cruelty we hear, way deep down in our hearts is the peace that passes all understanding, that peace which the world cannot give, one of the finest gifts of the Holy Ghost. The song of the herald angels can come true even in this year of flame-throwers, rocket bombs, and concentration camps, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will!"



# Around the House

ANN HARRIGAN

## What Is Personalism?

**A** PERSONALIST is one who leads or goes ahead. A personalist is one who may have to stick his neck out.

A personalist is one whose speech is yea, yea and nay, nay.

A personalist is one who doesn't put up an argument when you ask him to do something.

A personalist is one who—though he may prefer to do something else—does what you ask him.

**T**HE bourgeois has all sorts of inhibitions.

An inhibition is the frustration of an impulse. A bourgeois is a man whose good impulses have been thwarted by fear of public opinion.

A bourgeois is a man whose actions are dominated by the love of the good opinion of men, rather than by love of the good opinion of God.

The bourgeois says—Things have come to a pretty pass if religion is going to interfere with private life.

The personalist lives, or strives to live, always in the presence of God—and love Him through little services to his fellow man.

The bourgeois prays loudly about loving God and wanting to do for another, and makes an alibi the first thing he is asked to do.

The personalist prays a lot, too—the homely services of the day are the spilling over of that prayer.

**T**HE bourgeois does what is convenient for himself.

The personalist does what is convenient for others.

The personalist is one who sees straight through all the bourgeois confusions of modern times—who is not sidetracked by the world, the flesh, the devil.

**T**HE personalist has graduated from the bourgeois. The bourgeois does a thing because he *feels* like doing it.

The personalist does a thing because it needs to be done.

The bourgeois has a thousand alibis to offer, argues, explains, defends, refuses—in great detail.

The personalist says—Yes, yes—or “No, no”—and proceeds accordingly.

If the bourgeois does a job, he does only as much as he can get away with.

When the personalist does a job, he does it to the best of his ability.

If the bourgeois does a job—and somebody's looking for checking up—he'll really do it well—because he's working for his own pleasure only.

When the personalist does a job—he does the job as perfectly as he knows how, whether anyone is looking—because he's working for God—for whom not even the best we can do is too good.

The bourgeois always asks—How many? How much? How big? How successful?

The bourgeois judges everything by size, numbers, appearance.

The bourgeois thinks the church has reached the apex of her mission if there are lots of big buildings, big crowds, big collections and big words.

The bourgeois is always looking for a discount on everything, including the salvation of his immortal soul.

**T**HE personalist is not concerned with numbers or size.

The personalist knows that possessions tend to possess you.

The personalist seeks **FIRST** the kingdom of God and His justice.

The personalist knows that the weapons of the spirit are prayer, penance and love.

The personalist considers these as the forgers of the spirit of Catholicism.

**T**HE bourgeois lives in a man-centered world.

The personalist lives in a God-centered world.



## WEAPONS OF THE SPIRIT

**D**OROTHY DAY, founder of Houses of Hospitality and editor of “Catholic Worker,” spoke in Chicago November 5, at Corpus Christi Parish Hall, and on Nov. 6 at Friendship House, on her first speaking tour since she retired, more than a year ago.

In her lecture, “Weapons of the Spirit,” she emphasized that the weapons are the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, and voluntary poverty, the former being the most exciting and active means to change the social order, the lat-



ter the strongest and most effective weapon.

Miss Day said that we should practice voluntary poverty in imitation of the Holy Family. According to St. Bonaventure, St. Ann and St. Joachim were wealthy and it was not necessary for the Blessed Mother to be poor. She accepted poverty freely, because she had riches. She took in plain sewing and Our Lord picked up work from her and St. Joseph. For three years Our Lord chose to work with His hands and live in poverty.

**T**HEN, we must love God with our whole minds, our whole souls, our whole strength, and only way we can do this is by love of our neighbor—be he Chinese, Jew, Japanese, Negro. We have to think of all as our brothers and sisters, Christ, as members of this great Mystical Body. And, as they are our brothers, we must share with them. What we have is not for our own. It is only given to us for their use. She explained, first, that when we do good works, it is not our job to decide who is worthy or unworthy. We should think of the folly of the cross, think not in terms of returns or gratitude, even in terms of rehabilitation, but in terms of eternity.

But, Miss Day warned, if we want to accept poverty voluntarily we must plan an integral program that we have to work on over a lifetime. We must strip ourselves a little by little. And it should be a mass movement, rather than a few small cells, breaking into even smaller units. It must be a personalist movement.

One of the reasons we must practice voluntary poverty, Miss Day said, is to make amends for our share in the conditions of the world. All of us are responsible. And none of us can work for peace unless we are willing to strip ourselves and use the spiritual weapons of poverty so we can begin to

# AN AMERICAN DILEMMA

By Gunnar Myrdal

1483 pp. Harpers, 1944

Reviewed by J. Doebele

IN "An American Dilemma" Gunnar Myrdal has given us what will probably remain for some time as the most comprehensive and, as Robert Weaver of the Chicago Mayor's Committee on Race Relations calls it, the most penetrating investigation of the condition of the Negro in America.

From their experience with other social problems, the trustees of the Carnegie Corporation believed that interracial justice in America would be strengthened if the effects of race prejudice were better and more widely understood. They, therefore, provided funds for a thorough study of the whole "Negro problem," and invited a Swedish economist to direct the work, in the hope that he, as an outsider, would be as free as possible from prejudice.

But it is more than a survey. For impersonal as he is in attempting to distinguish between fact and fiction, we know that he personally is vitally concerned with justice. To many of the conditions he describes, he puts a *why?* and endeavors to answer that *why?* In a few instances, as in the question of getting Negroes into the smaller northern cities, he suggests a possible line of approach.

The view that a camera gets of any scene depends almost entirely upon the position of the camera. We do not say that this or that is the "correct" picture, we only say that it is the view obtained from this spot. Similarly, Myrdal does not claim that his is the "objective" picture; he merely says that it is what he gets if he takes as his starting point the common American set of ideals, as found, for example, in the Declaration of Independence. Happily, this "American Creed" is essentially Christian, so that the picture he draws is, with certain exceptions, quite similar to what he would have gotten if he had simply taken what we call the Natural Law as his basis. The chief exceptions are that he (1) advocates birth control, and (2) looks upon religion as "emotional catharsis," and (3) appears unaware of the unifying factor in human society—the Mystical Body of Christ.

Some notice of the scope of the work is given by a simple listing of sections—American Ideals; Race; Population and Migration; Economics; Politics; Justice; Social Inequality; Social Stratification; Leadership and Concerted Action; the Negro Community, and so on.

AFTER describing many of the material losses that have come to the Negro as a result of discrimination, Myrdal concludes that white people would not have acted as they have if they had realized the awful hardships that have been inflicted.

More to the point for us is the terrible effect upon the soul of the

stant immigration of Southern Negroes into this segregated area caused doubling up of families, the taking in of lodgers, the conversion of once spacious homes and apartments into tiny flats, the crowding of an entire family into a single room, the rapid rising of rents, the use of buildings which should be condemned...[while] the holding of land for speculation, the high cost of building, the lack of capital have left huge gaps of vacant land in the midst of the most over-crowded Negro areas in the northern half of the Black belt...the southward expansion has been marked by bitter conflict between the dispossessed whites and the harassed Negroes. Organizations have been set up to prevent any white owner from selling or renting to Negroes; Negroes who succeeded in getting a foothold, or whites who seemed inclined to give them one for large sums of money, were terrorized and physically maltreated...The housing difficulties of the Negroes in Chicago are apparent at every point and yet neither the city council nor any other white group has been willing to do anything about it."



Negro, an evil which Myrdal naturally does not examine closely, though he does make plain the reasons for the deep bitterness in the hearts of so many colored men.

The desire for status, for the respect of others, is something which is planted in every one of us, just as firmly as the desire for food, and although we are to strive toward the uprooting of all inordinate desire for human respect, most of us need some acknowledgment of our personal dignity.

As Pope Pius XII says, "He who would have the Star of Peace shine out and stand over society should cooperate for his part in giving back to the human person the dignity given to it by God from the very beginning..." putting this as his very first point.

FINALLY, for those of us who live in Chicago, Myrdal has a ringing challenge:

"The history of the expansion of the Chicago South Side Black Belt has exhibited the full gamut of Negro housing problems. The con-

## On Being Behind with One's Reading

Junior bit the meter man.  
Junior kicked the cook.  
Junior's anti-social now  
(According to the book.)  
Junior smashed the clock and lamp  
Junior hacked the tree,  
(Destructive trends are treated  
In Chapters II and III).  
Junior threw his milk at mom.  
Junior screamed for more.  
(Notes on self-assertiveness  
Are found in Chapter IV.)  
Junior tossed his shoes and socks  
Out into the rain,  
(Negation, that, and normal—  
Disregard the stain.)  
Junior set dad's shirt afire.  
Salted grandpop's wine.  
(That's to gain attention.  
See page 89.)  
Grandpop seized a slipper and  
Yanked Junior 'cross his knee.  
(Grandpop hasn't read a book  
Since 1893.)

—Lucretia Penny.



## The Baroness Jots It Down

**T**IME is certainly fleeting. Behold, December is here and with it Christmas. To me, a very happy Christmas because my dear mother is alive and well. Yes, the glad tidings came from my brother who is fighting in Belgium, where she lives. He saw her. It seems incredible. But, God be praised, it is true! I had not heard from her in eleven long months. And then, this good news!

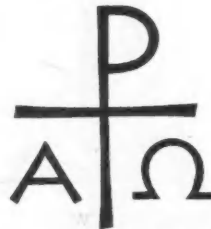
When I think that she had to go through the Russian revolution, lose her husband, be a refugee with two small children in Belgium twenty-four years ago. Then battle the world for a living, only to face German invasion at the age of seventy-five and almost die from hunger again...and that, with all this, she could still write to me a year ago: "Don't worry about me, Catherine. I am all right, for I am doing my purgatory here and earning a non-stop express ticket to heaven...so all is well." I surely thank God for my mother. Don't we all?

**T**HINKING of mother brings childhood back to me... Christmas and the creche...the gifts and the big, lovely green tree. And the idea comes to me how would a Catholic school in New York, Chicago or elsewhere like to adopt Friendship House youngsters for Christmas? We have so many. And it is really quite simple. A pair of mittens, or a little cap are good both for boys and girls. A little package of candies. A little toy and a card... all wrapped up and addressed to an "FH boy" or an "FH girl." Such gifts would go a long, long way toward bringing the joy of the Christ Child's birth to Harlem and the Southside children...and they need it so much. How about it?

**F**RRIENDSHIP House News this month will print four thousand copies. That certainly is a landmark for our little paper, and I feel like celebrating with you, dear friends, who have made it possible. Well, let us. How about subscribing for someone else...we have so many requests from poor missionaries, that if you send in a dollar with your renewal or gift subscription, we could use the extra fifty cents to send the paper to them. Also, we are out for a five-thousand list. How about asking your friends to subscribe? Sort of a joint effort to put Friendship House News and with it Interracial

Justice in the hands of as many as we all together can reach.

**R**ECENTLY I wrote a little prayer for my son. It was published in a Catholic paper. Perhaps you would like to read it. Here it is: "Mary, Mother of God, open wide your blue mantle of love. Cover my soldier son with it and keep him safe within its glorious folds. Remember when your Son was small? You held Him tight against your breast. So did I mine. You talked to Him and sang soft little songs that came straight from



your heart, and all the while you smiled happily over the warmth of Him and the sweetness of Him. It was the same with me.

"But your Son grew up and went away...to show all men the way to Peace and Love. It seemed a strange way then, a way of sacrifice and pain...a way of life and death. 'Greater love hath no man,' said He, 'than to lay down his life for his friends.' And He did, and you stood by and let Him do it, for you knew that He was right...that He had to die to give life abundantly to all men...ETERNAL LIFE.

"My son has grown up, too...and gone away. Since he was a little boy I taught him about You and Your Son...about His life, His words, His teachings and His death. My son learned well the lessons of your Son...and now he has taken up his cross cheerfully and gone...perhaps to lay down his young life so that others may live in peace. Give him courage, Mary, to do his

## CATHOLIC ACTION FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

*How shall we know the right moral principles and spread them?*

We shall all be unified in our religious program and our work under the Bishops.

We shall join a Catholic lay organization working with and under the Church.

We shall get it to start, or we shall join, a program of training.

We shall take part in study clubs and industrial conferences and the like.

We shall spread books, newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets.

We shall get the help of a priest trained in this matter.

We shall start work among youth.

We shall attend lay retreats.

We shall be apostles to our own associates — workers to workers, employers to employers, and so on.

We shall ground all our ideas in the Encyclicals of the Popes.

We shall take on the social charity of brotherhood in God and in Christ.

We shall lead good Catholic lives.

We shall know the crisis facing us which has, with the grace of God, put the destiny of mankind in our hands.

We shall have hope, because the Christian spirit of the people is strong, ignorance and environment can be overcome, and even the most abandoned have in them the sparks of "a natural Christian soul"; and because already much has been done to make known and apply the social teaching of the Church.

From "Reconstructing the Social Order," Encyclical of Pope Pius XI.

task well. And give me the courage to stand by, as you did, to offer up my share in his great sacrifice. I have only long days and nights of agonizing waiting to give. Help me to give them well. May the will of your Son be done in me and mine, whatever that Holy Will may be. But, don't forget, just the same, Mary, Mother of God...cover my little soldier boy with the blue mantle of your love and keep him safe within its gracious folds. Amen."

## Staff Reporter

By N. J. G.

TO our desk the other day came a copy of a program the National Headquarters of the American Red Cross put on for the final assembly of Class 135. The Articles of Faith, copied below, encourages one to greater faith in this America of ours.

### Articles of Faith

We believe that might can never be the measure of the right nor can the end be used to justify the means.

We believe that strength was given us to succor and to shield the weak; to lighten the burden of the sick at heart; to teach all who wish to learn the simple skills with which to aid themselves and others.

We believe that all children of this earth are brothers and we shall not recognize any barriers of race, color, class or creed to set them apart one from the other.

We believe that equal opportunity must be afforded for each to share in the fruitfulness of this world and each, according to his ability, to share in its burdens.

We believe that kindness and mercy and understanding will grow—must grow—that this planet may be a place for children and their children's children to live in peace and security.

We believe that each must have a chance to contribute what he wills to this new world, this fitter measure to his dream.

We believe that as each one of us has a share in the America we know and hope to shape, so each of us now must strive to save those simple human values which give dignity to man and to life, its meaning.

For these beliefs and to those ends we pledge our time, our efforts, and our worldly goods. . .

CHRISTMAS will not be very gay this year, I am afraid, on 135th street, in Harlem—at least, not around Friendship House. Unless, of course, the miracle of Christmas brings a mir-

(Continued on page 8)

## "AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR"

IF

"There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus." Ga 3:28.

THEN

I must remember that:

As Christ looked out from upon the Cross it was for black and white, red and yellow that He offered up His death.

Every man is made to the image and likeness of God.

I do not truly love my neighbor if I speak of him in terms that are contemptuous to him and hurt him.



I must refrain from the use of nicknames that are offensive to any race or nationality.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Mt. 12.

The Good Samaritan loved His neighbor in deed and in truth.

Charity is love and not sympathy nor mere kindness.

In the Catholic Church Christ is adored and received by all in the Blessed Sacrament.

"God is no respecter of persons"—all must appear before the same Judge.

There is "One Lord, one faith, one baptism. One God and the Father of all." Ephes. 4.

"Then shall the just answer Him, saying: Lord, when did we see Thee hungry and fed Thee? thirsty and gave Thee to drink? And when did we see Thee a stranger and took Thee in? or naked and covered Thee? Or when did we see Thee sick or in prison and come to Thee? And the King answering shall say to them: Amen, I say to you as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." Mt. 25.

## BOOK REVIEW

By Catherine de Hueck

**SPLendor OF THE LITURGY,**  
by Maurice Zundel, Sheed and Ward. \$3.00.

INTO a world beset by fears and filled with the darkness of death, Zundel brings the only efficacious remedy... Hope, the cardinal virtue. To sin against which is to die. He brings it to us in the glorious, approachable simplicity of the Liturgy, the source of all hope, because it is God's.

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34 West 135th Street  
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## STAFF REPORTER

(Continued from page 7)

acle to us. It takes money to have a Christmas party for the children. It takes money to provide those needed baskets for the sick, poor friends of which we have so many. Those who have no Christmas cheer except for Friendship House. It takes money to have our annual simple little party for the Mothers' Club. And money is what we haven't got. Just bills—rent bills, printing bills, gas and telephone and light bills. Plenty of those. But no money.

We sent our appeal out in November. Some friends, bless them, responded as always. But not many. Others must be so busy they just forgot. But the children and the poor don't forget . . . they look for the miracle of Christmas, as always. I hope they won't look in vain this year. Friendship House Staff Workers expect no gifts for themselves . . . but for their friends on 135th street . . . please open up your hearts and your purses, won't you?

A friend to whom we sent an appeal, who lives in Idaho, wrote that he was giving his all to the missionary near him who takes care of the Indians on a reservation. Certainly a worthy cause. New York City, he thought, could take care of Friendship House. And with a population of over 7,000,000 he had justification for his thought . . . just as Mabel wrote in *Christmas in Harlem and Herald Square*, on page 1. But millions in New York City never think of Harlem, the largest ghetto in the world, at their own back yard. Nor Friendship House and Benny and Two-Bits and Joe and Red and Boopy and Helen and Louise (who has waited a whole year for a colored doll with real black curls).



## JUDGMENT

"But Lord, we fed the hungry  
And clothed the poor."

"Yet hungry, cold, I shivered  
Outside your door."

"But when, Lord? We were reck-  
oned

As kindly men."

"There was a night in winter —  
Remember? — when

Someone knocked, defeated  
By sleet and dread."

"You mean —?" "The stranger  
pleaded  
For warmth and bread.

"Were you then so kindly, stranger,  
So generous?"

"Oh, Christ, — Christ the Negro —  
Have mercy on us!"

"Most Catholic schools admit  
Negroes, but the religious school  
which will not admit Negroes is  
not religious in the true sense of  
the word."—Rev. Gerard O. Mc-  
Donald, S. J.

"There is no escape—To keep the  
Negro down in the ditch, you must  
get down into the ditch with him—  
Poor housing, slums, mal-nutrition,  
lack of job opportunities breed  
crime and disease—these affect the  
whole community."—Cliff Thomas.

## To Catherine

You are the little room in Nazareth  
Wherein He dreamed—  
You are the tomb that held Him  
close in death  
Till morning gleamed.

You are the beauty passionate and  
sweet  
Of Magdalen  
Crushed into nard, poured out upon  
His feet  
Away from men.

You are the word He held upon His  
tongue,  
Yet never said—  
You are the shining sword He  
never swung  
Unscabbarded.

You are the music in the lute afar  
No hand has swept—  
You are the burning undiscovered  
star

The night has kept.  
Sister Mary St. Virginia.

## Requiem for a Hero

By Margaret Nickerson Martin

He sleeps, as do all warriors bold,  
Full weary of the fray;  
Duty's shield upon his breast  
He walks the Victor's way.

His battle through, he rests at last  
In slumber deep and still . . .  
And sleeping, dreams of molten  
glow  
That lights up yonder hill.

A glow that beckoned from the  
west  
With siren's lovely light!  
He followed it with gallant smile  
To face the coming night.

While yet we gaze with muted  
grief  
Upon his earthly clay . . .  
With joyous wings his soul has  
found  
A bright eternal day!

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